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AND
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

THE ILLUMINATION OF THE BLIND.

How opened he thine eyes? John ix. 26.

CURIOSITY is a very prominent feature in the human character. We are anxious to see or hear some new thing. When we have been gratified in this respect, we inquire, "how can these things be?" We would discover, if possible, the cause of every effect; and then are desirous of knowing the mode of operation.

Undoubtedly curiosity is a thing useful to mankind; but, nevertheless, it should be bounded by modesty and piety. We should search until we find our exertions either useless or injurious.

Happy would it have been for mankind, had curiosity carried them no farther than to a close investigation of things capable of being known by finite beings of the human class. But alas! curiosity has sometimes urged men into the deep things of God, and inspired them with a desire of knowledge which has made them proud and impious.

VOL. I.

Weak man would comprehend all the Divine attributes, or deny their existence; would see how God operates, or deny that he works at all.

We have a remarkable instance of curiosity exhibited in the repetition of this question, "*How opened he thine eyes?*"

Jesus Christ had caused a man who had been blind from his birth to see. The miracle was such as no one had before performed since the world began. It was never before heard, that any man opened the eyes of one who was *born* blind. Our Lord did not immediately give sight by a command, but was pleased to teach us that we are to expect blessings in the use of appointed means. He made clay with spittle and dust, anointed the eyes of the blind man, and commanded him to go and wash in the pool of Siloam. These means which were used, had no tendency in themselves to produce the desired effect; but they were calculated to try the disposition of the blind person. He desired sight. He obeyed. The conditions were not hard; for Siloam was a pool in the same city, Jerusalem, where Jesus met the blind person, and probably at no great distance from the place where the clay was made. He washed, and immediately began to see. Now, for the first time, his mind had perceptions *by the eye*.

He washed his eyes, and the first object he beheld was, perhaps, his own figure in the pool of Siloam. He had felt of his limbs and face before; but never until this moment had he any notion of the colour of his skin, the whiteness of his teeth, the redness of his lips, the bright transparency of the eye. Never before could he learn any thing about the reflection of light, and conceive that a human body standing by a pool, could make another human body, or a shadow in the water.

He saw one object, and then another. He gazed with wonder upon the face of the earth and heavens. He beheld with admiration the countenance of man. He was charmed by a variety of colours, and an endless succession of forms. Before he had perceptions by sound, touch, and taste; but now he had windows given, through which his soul could look out on every surrounding object. Once he would have compared a beautiful object to an agreeable softness, or to harmonious sounds. Had he spoken of scarlet, he would

have compared it to "the sound of a trumpet;" or had you attempted to give him some notion of beauty, he would have said, "I apprehend your meaning; beautiful appearance is something like the delicate softness of down."

One who had never seen any object, could have no pleasure from any visible shape or colours. He might even wonder how people could take so much delight in thinking, reading, and talking of objects of vision. For himself, he could discern no pleasure in it. He might prefer to talk continually of the soft touch, the sweet taste, and harmonious sound of things, because these are objects within his knowledge.

The man whose eyes Jesus opened, saw, and then it was so easy a thing to have correct ideas upon these subjects, that he wondered he had not always entertained some just notions of the beauties he now beheld.

Once he could admire that people should talk about the splendour of the temple, and converse about fine paintings from one hour to another. Now the mystery is solved. He has new views, new sensations, new employments, and new delights.

In this situation his neighbours and acquaintance found him; but the change was so great that they could hardly believe what they saw. They even questioned whether he were the person who once was blind and begged. Some said, "this is he;" others, "he is like him;" but the man who had experienced this change, retained his personal identity and consciousness, and affirmed, "I am the same man."

Immediately they wished to know *how* his eyes were opened. He related the means which were used; but could give them no other information. "He answered, and said, a man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam and wash; and I went and washed, and received sight." He repeated the command of Christ concerning the means, and informed them of his obedience, and of the happy effect; but he could not tell them how the power of God operated in giving him sight. Perhaps his eye-lids had never been unclosed. He could not tell how they were divided; for clay, spittle, and water could not accomplish this.

Afterwards the Pharisees asked him the same question which his neighbours had done. He answered them in the same manner. They could discover no connexion between the means and the effect produced; therefore they would not believe that the man was once blind until they had examined his parents, who testified that he was their son, and was born blind.

The parents perceived that their son now saw; but notwithstanding the certainty of this fact, they were so ashamed of Jesus, and so much afraid to acknowledge him, that they pretended not to know by what power or what person their blind son had been made to see. For fear of being excommunicated, they lied against that omnipotent Jesus who had done them a most signal kindness. They feared man more than God.

To excuse themselves, the parents referred the Pharisees to their son. With the utmost sanctity, these hypocrites say to the newly illuminated person, "give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner."

He entertained at that time the persuasion that Jesus was a prophet, and therefore, from a belief that a prophet might sin, replied, "whether he be a sinner I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, I now see." Then said they to him again, "what did he to thee? I opened he thine eyes? He answered them, I have told you already, and ye did not hear: wherefore would ye hear it again?"

One thing was certain to himself, that whereas he was once blind, now he could see. This did not admit of a doubt in his mind, because the change was at once so complete. Our Lord, however, did not invariably operate in the same way. He did not in all instances open the eyes wide, and cause them to see at once. Had this man been restored to sight as our Lord restored another, he would not, at first, have been so fully convinced that he saw. Had he received only a few rays of light, he would have said, "certainly I am not as I once was." Had he then received a few more rays in a confused manner, so as to discern men from trees only by their walking, he might have said, "I perceive something which I could not formerly discover at all."

In this case, Christ fully opened the eyes, so that they could see clearly in a moment; and the evidence to the man's mind was so strong, that he could say with assurance, "I know that I now see. He was translated from complete darkness to meridian light.

Not the prevarication of his parents, not the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, nor all the doubts of his neighbours, could shake his confidence in this truth, that he was once blind, but now saw.

His evidence, however, upon this subject, could not explain to him the mode of divine operation. The question, "how opened he thine eyes?" he could not answer; and had he been inspired to explain how God operated in opening his eyes, not one of his hearers had sufficient understanding to receive intelligibly the explanation. This was a mystery. But he did not on this account deny a plain matter of fact.

He knew that he received power from God to see, and in the same moment opened his loosened eye-lids of free choice. He could not tell how it was done, any more than he could explain the growing of the grass, or the nature of motion. His ignorance, however, upon the subject of God's manner of working, did not destroy his knowledge upon a subject which he could comprehend. He knew that he saw, but he knew not how he saw.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

ON THE DIVINE MERCY AS AN ANTIDOTE TO DESPAIR.

Mercy is the brightest jewel in the Almighty's crown. His mercy is boundless as his majesty, and his love is as omnipotent as his power, and as vast as his eternity. We might as soon count the particles of light that flow from the sun, or the drops of rain in an April shower, as number the mercies of our God.

As chrystal rivers that majestic glide,
And fertilize the banks on either side;

As purest gales that gladden all the plain;
 As vernal dew, or summer's fragrant rain;
 As the blue ether that surrounds the ball,
 Supporting, cheering, giving life to all;
 As the bright green that decorates the ground;
 As softest seasons in their annual round;
 So is thy mercy, gen'rous source of good:
 Pardon the faint, the poor similitude.

God is great, in goodness and good in greatness, hence the vilest sinner need not despair. His justice is perfectly satisfied. The ransom Christ paid was a stupendous offering; the most wretched and base may have an interest in it, the greatest monster out of hell need not despair.

Even Judas struggles his despair to quell:
 Hope almost blossoms in the shades of hell.

Did David, the penitent murderer—did Peter, the ungrateful denier of his beloved Master—did the crucified robber—the sanguine Manasseh—the trembling Jailor—the oppressing Publican—the relenting Magdalene, find mercy? And shall any despair? He pardons offences committed against an infinitely good God, an infinitely gracious Saviour, and an infinitely patient Spirit. He pardons offences committed against the clearest light, the warmest love, and the tenderest mercy. Would he require his creatures to forgive seventy times seven, and will he not forgive seventy thousand times seven? His mercies are as high as heaven, as deep as hell, and as boundless as immensity. We might as well attempt to tie up the winds, restrain the waves, set bounds to space, or ends to eternity, as limit the mercy of God. Drooping soul, dismiss thy tears; fearful timid soul, be strong, be encouraged; despairing soul, hope in the Lord, he bestows a rich pardon and a free salvation on all the weary and heavy laden that come to the Lord Jesus. Though their sins were as the sand, and every separate stain as black as hell, there is pardon through Christ for infinite offence. The vilest sinner has infinite reason to hope, for with God there is mercy that he may be feared, and with him there is plenteous redemption.

that he may be sought unto. Art thou a poor, vile, dejected backslider? Hast thou repeatedly wandered from the Lord? Hast thou repeatedly squandered away grace, trifled with bleeding mercy, grieved the Divine Spirit, sinned, repented, sinned again, been restored, fallen away, found mercy, abused it, wept, felt pardoned, returned again to folly, and now dost despair of being again restored? Despair not; he can yet heal thy backslidings, and repair the ruins of thy soul. He multiplies to pardon; he hates putting away. Though thy sins are as scarlet, he will make them white as wool; and though red as crimson, he will make them white as snow.

The scriptures say, hope in the Lord; the enemy says, there is no mercy. God's love is opposed to our misery; let us not forsake our own mercies. The gospel is a fountain of mercy; the bleeding cross is a pledge of mercy; rebel sinners are monuments of mercy; the bible in our hands, the skies above our heads, and the earth beneath our feet, all display the mercy of God; all declare that God is an infinitely gracious, wise, and compassionate Being; therefore trust in him, my soul, and never think of giving way to despair. M.

Greenwich Village, New-York, Dec. 1812.

THE CHRISTIAN CONQUEROR.

ALTHOUGH we have a number of original essays on hand, we think the following excellent, though very ancient epistle, deserves a place; and to all such Christian readers as wish well to the sacred cause of Evangelical truth, it will require no other testimonials in its favour than its own real, genuine, intrinsic worth. Every serious person, whose spiritual feelings and practice are in unison with the sacred writings, will, yea must, pronounce it a most precious, inestimable treasure. It presents not a brilliant scene of worldly grandeur, the sumptuous magnificence attendant upon sovereign authority, or the weapons, successes, and ravages of dangerous war; but it faithfully displays

the edifying example of an innocent, sublime soul, exulting with perfect courage, with longing zeal and hope, over Satan and his legions of fierce malignant spirits, now imprisoned at large in the atmosphere that surrounds our globe, and over his idolatrous artful, and indefatigable soldiers, ministers, and instruments here upon earth—over sin, the power of the grave, and the lingering expectation of a most bitter death. It feelingly bespeaks the favour, the presence of God; the sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable consolations of the Spirit of Christ, enjoyed, and not to be stifled even in a dungeon, in a painful scene of various and surrounding wants and miseries. It describes, or rather paints, an exuberance of paradisaical gladness, of holy rapture; holds forth an unclouded, undazzled, ravishing view of everlasting life and glory: and this too, with all the certainty of demonstrative reason, and no less distinctly and perfectly than the impressions of outward objects are apprehended and understood through the organs of our bodily sensations. This most extraordinary piece was written by a young man of splendid fortune, and very promising abilities; abilities polished by the culture of science, and dignified by learning: but his early religion, and bright, exemplary piety, his rapid advances and improvement in divine knowledge, were infinitely more than equal to his intellectual energies, and all the particular advantages which he enjoyed from his rank and affluent connexions in life. It is matter of real regret that the following account, comprising the particulars relative to such an eminent saint, his high, triumphant experience, and apparently miserable, but to him exceedingly glorious, happy, and comfortable end, should be so short. Although not so copious and complete, however, as might have been wished, yet it may be very safely recommended as authentic and genuine; and it is with no small pleasure that the author of this address embraces the opportunity hereby afforded him of introducing so noble a subject (which merits the recording recommendation of a far abler pen than his) to more public notice.

* Extracted from Fox's and other histories of Christian Martyrology.

POMPONIUS ALGERIUS,

Born in Capua, a young man of great learning, was student in the university of Padua. Not being able to conceal the verity of Jesus Christ's gospel, which he learned by the heavenly teaching of God's grace, he ceased not both by doctrine and example to inform as many as he could in the same truth, and to bring them to Christ. For this he was accused of heresy to Pope Pius the fourth; who, sending immediately to the magistrates of Venice, caused him to be apprehended at Padua, and carried to Venice. Here he was long detained in prison; till at last the pope commanded them to send him bound to Rome, which the Venetians soon accomplished. Various means were used to move this virtuous and blessed young man from his purpose; but, when no worldly persuasions could prevail, he was adjudged to be burned alive; which death most constantly he sustained to the great admiration of all that beheld him. While in prison at Venice, he wrote the following epistle, addressed

"To his most dearly beloved brethren and fellow-servants of Christ, &c.

"To mitigate your sorrow which you take for me, I cannot but impart unto you some portion of my joys; to the intent that you with me may rejoice, and sing before the Lord. I shall utter that which no man will believe when I declare it. I have found a nest of honey, and honey-comb in the entrails of a lion. What man will ever think in the deep, dark dungeon, to find a paradise of pleasure; in the place of sorrow and death, to dwell in tranquillity and the hope of life; in a cave infernal to be found joy of soul; where others do shake and tremble, there strength and boldness to be plenty? Who will ever think or who will believe this? In such a woful state, such delectation; in a place so desolate, such society of good men; in strait bands and cold irons, such rest to be had? All these things the kind hand of the Lord doth minister unto me! Behold, he that was once far from me, is now present with me; whom once scarce I could feel, now I see more apparently; whom once I saw afar off, now I behold near at hand; whom once I hungered for, the same now

approacheth, and reacheth his hand unto me. He doth comfort me, and heapeth me up with gladness; he driveth away all bitterness, ministereth strength and courage, healeth, refresheth, advanceth, and comforteth me. Oh how good is the Lord, who suffereth not his servants to be tempted above their strength! Oh how easy and sweet is his yoke? Is there any like unto the Highest, who receiveth the afflicted, healeth the wounded, and nourisheth them? Is there any like unto him? Learn ye, well-beloved, how amiable the Lord is; how meek and merciful he is, which visiteth his servants in temptation, neither disdaineth he to keep company with us in such vile and filthy caves. Will the blind and incredulous world, think you, believe this? Or rather, will it not say thus? 'No, thou wilt never be able to abide long the burning heat, the cold snow, and the pinching hardness of that place; the manifold miseries, and other grievances innumerable; the rebukes and frowning faces of men, how wilt thou suffer? Dost thou not consider and revolve in thy mind, thy pleasant country, the riches of the world, thy kinsfolk, the delicate pleasures and honours of this life? Dost thou forget the solace of thy sciences, and fruit of all thy labours? Wilt thou thus lose all thy labours, which thou hast hitherto sustained? So many nights watched? Thy painful travels, and all thy laudable enterprises, wherein thou hast been exercised continually, even from thy childhood? Finally, fearest thou not death, which hangeth over thee, and that for no crime committed? Oh what a fool thou art, who for one word's speaking mayest save all this, and wilt not! What a rude and unmannerly thing is this, not to be entreated at the instant petitions and desires of such, so many, and so mighty; so just, so virtuous, so prudent, and gracious senators, and such noble personages, &c.'

"But now to answer: let this blind world hearken. What heat can there be more burning than that fire which is prepared for thee hereafter? What snow can be more cold than thy heart which is in darkness, and hath no light? What thing is more hard and sharp, or crooked, than this present life which here we lead? What thing more odious and hateful than this world? Let these worldly men here answer me. What country can we have more sweet than the heavenly one above? What treasures

more rich or precious than everlasting life; and who are our kinsmen, but they which hear the word of God? Where be greater riches or dignities than in heaven? As touching the sciences, are they not ordained to know God? Whom unless we also know, all our labours, night watchings, studies, and enterprizes, serve to no purpose; all is but labour lost.

"Furthermore: How can he be said to fly from death, when he himself is already dead in sin? If Christ be the way, verity, and life, how can there be any life without him? The heat of the prison is to me coolness: the cold winter to me is a fresh spring in the Lord. He that feareth not to be burned in the fire, how shall he fear the heat of weather? Or what careth he for the pinching frost, who burneth with the love of the Lord? The place is sharp and tedious to them that be guilty; but to the innocent and guiltless it is mellifluous. Here droppeth the delectable dew, here floweth the pleasant nectar, here runneth the sweet milk, here is plenty of all good things. And although the place itself be deserted and barren, yet to me it seemeth a large walk, and a valley of pleasure. Here to me is the better and more noble part of the world. Here I see kings, princes, cities, and people. Here I see wars, where some be overthrown, some be victors, some thrust down, some lifted up. Here is the mount Sion; here I am already in heaven itself! Here standeth first Christ Jesus in the front. About him stand the old fathers, prophets, evangelists, apostles, and all the servants of God. Of whom some do embrace and cherish me, some exhort me, some open the sacraments unto me, some comfort me, other some are singing about me. And how then shall I be thought to be alone, among so many, and such as these be? Here I see some crucified, some slain, some stoned, some cut asunder, some roasted, some broiled, some put in hot cauldrons, some having their eyes bored through, some their tongues cut out, some their hands and feet chopped off, some put in kilns and furnaces, some cast down headlong, and given to the beasts of the field, and fowls of the air to feed upon. Many I see with divers torments excruciated; yet, notwithstanding, all living and all safe. One plaster, one salve cureth all their wounds; which also giveth to me strength and life, so that I sustain all these transitory

anguishes and small afflictions, with a quiet mind, having a greater hope laid up in heaven. Neither do I fear mine adversaries which here persecute me and oppress me: for he that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn, and the Lord shall deride them. I fear not thousands of people which compass me about. The Lord my God shall deliver me, my hope, my support, my comforter, who exalteth up my head. He shall smite all them that stand up against me without cause, and shall dash the teeth and jaws of sinners asunder: for he only is all blessedness and majesty. The rebukes for Christ's cause make us jocund; for so it is written: 'If ye be rebuked and scorned for the name of Christ, happy be you; for the glory and Spirit of God resteth upon you.' Be you therefore certified that our rebukes, which are laid upon us, redound to the shame and harm of the rebukers. In this world there is no mansion firm to me; and therefore I will travel up to the New Jerusalem, which is in heaven, and which offereth itself unto me, without paying any fine or income. Behold, I have already entered on my journey, where my house standeth for me prepared, and where I shall have riches, kindred, delights, honours never failing. As for these earthly things, they are transitory shadows, vanishing vapours, and ruinous walls:

"Oh how delectable is this death to me, to taste the Lord's cup, which is an assured pledge of true salvation! Neither tribulation, nor anguish, nor hunger, nor nakedness, nor jeopardy, nor persecution, nor sword, shall be able ever to separate us from the love of Christ. We are slain all the day long, we are made like sheep ordained to the shambles.' Rejoice, rejoice, my dear brethren and fellow-servants, and be of good comfort, when ye fall into sundry temptations. Let your patience be perfect on all parts. I am accused of foolishness, for that I do not shrink from the true doctrine and knowledge of God, and do not rid myself out of these troubles, when with one word I may. But God forbid that I should deny Christ, where I ought to confess him. I will not set more by my life than by my soul; neither will I exchange the life to come for the world here present. Oh how foolishly speaketh he which argueth me of foolishness! Understand, you kings; and learn you that judge the earth!

Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice in him with trembling. Hearken to doctrine, and get knowledge, lest you fall into God's displeasure, and so perish out of the way of righteousness. What fret you, what fume you, Oh Gentiles! Oh you people, what cast you in your brains, the cogitations of vanity! You kings of the earth, and you princes, why conspire you so together against Christ, and against his holy One?

"These have I written for your comfort, dear brethren. Pray for me. I salute my good masters, Silvius, Pergula, Justus, also Fidel Roche, and him that beareth the name of Lelia, whom I know, although being absent. Item, the governor of the university, Syndicus, and all others, whose names be written in the book of life. Farewell all my fellow-servants of God; fare you well in the Lord, and pray for me continually."

From the delectable orchard of the Leoline prison, 121 Calend. August. Anno 1555.

EXTRACT FROM BLY'S JOURNAL.

January 17th.

A MEMBER of the "society for the relief of poor widows with small children," Mrs. L. — C. —, took me this morning to visit a sick person, supported by this benevolent Institution. It is a pleasure to the good, to know that the ladies who have espoused the cause of the widow and fatherless babes, regard with tenderness the spiritual, as well as the temporal situation of their respective charges.

This poor widow is not past the age of thirty-five years; but she is trembling on the verge of the grave. She said to me, "not long since, I had a very pretty visit from the Rev. Mr. —, who told me he would administer the sacrament to me at any time I should desire." This prepared the way to ascertain the reason of the hope which she indulged. She did not fear hell, she said, because there was no such place as hell; but she believed that all would in future have some punishment and some reward, according to their deserts. She added, that she

had always done as well as she could, and was therefore persuaded that God would not punish her much.

Such was the faith of a woman, who was invited to celebrate the offering of the great Sacrifice for our sins. Had she knowledge to discern the Lord's body?

While I was with her, I spent my time in attempting to convince her, that if God should punish any person according to his deserts, he would be completely miserable; that one sin not pardoned, would entail the curse of the law upon all succeeding ages; that all the impenitent and unbelieving shall be turned into hell; that she had *not* done as well as she could in the sense in which she pretended that she had; that as a sinner she had done *no* good; that she was likely soon to die, (which she almost resented!) and that she must be everlastingly miserable, if God did not impute the perfect righteousness of Christ to her, through faith in his name. These were hard doctrines, but if they are not blessed of God, to her spiritual life, she must remain proud of her own performances, dead in trespasses and sins. The doctrine of a sinner's being declared legally just, while in himself unjust, and accepted as pure, on account of the obedience and sufferings of Christ, while in himself impure, was a new doctrine to her, which she has yet to learn. Her attention was so far gained to these subjects, that she earnestly entreated me to call again.

REPROOF.

THE Vicar of P—— taking a walk on Sunday evening, not far from the Methodist chapel, perceived Mr. —— at a distance, and suspected he had been there. He accosted him with some warmth, "What Mr. —— have you been to encourage these vagabond preachers? I thought a man of your understanding had known better; I am surprised at you." Mr. —— endeavouring to steady himself, for he was drunk, replied, "I have only been drinking a quart or two of ale at the Bunch of Grapes, with neighbour D. Sir." "O I beg your pardon, I thought you had been at the Methodist chapel, good night, good night."

! RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE brig Caravan, Capt. Heard, which went out from Salem in April last, with missionaries, arrived at Calcutta after a passage of 116 days. The missionaries were immediately ordered back in the same vessel, for what cause we are not able to learn; but we expect letters from there shortly, which will throw more light on the subject.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

AN ODE.

Is she a mourner? So am I:

My heart-strings vibrate to her sigh,

Now, to her Heav'nly Father's throne address'd,

Not to obtain some bland relief,

But fortitude, to bear her grief;

And now, in presence of her friends, suppress'd

A sigh, which like the Summer's breeze,

That oft succeeds a shower,

Drinks up the moisture of the trees,

And gathers tear-drops for the midnight hour.

Oh! when my eyes behold a bride,

In beauty's charms, without the pride,

By death of dear connubial joys bereft;

When Cath'rine drinks the cup of woe,

And learns the widow's fate to know,

Oh! let this worthless, harden'd heart be cleft

By keener anguish than she feels,

If it forgets to weep,

Or at the sight of mis'ry steels

Those sympathies which heaven forbids to sleep.

'Tis good to weep, for Jesus wept

When nigh the grave where Laz'rus slept,

Although determin'd to recall the dead:

Then let me mourn: to mourn with **THEE**,

Thou Son of God, ennobles me;

For thou hast deign'd in richest love to shed

A thousand blessings round the grace
Of Christian sympathy ;
Such blessings as illumine the face
That shines resplendent through eternity. E. S. ELY.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

THE ENIGMA EXPLAINED.

The Miser "is one"
Who liveth alone,
"And neither hath child nor brother,
Nor a friend,
Yet his days are toil and bother
Without end ;
His eye dissatisfied with plenitude,
Asks not, 'For whom toil I, bereft of good?'"

MORAL.

How good is God to give us such a book,
(Wherein the sons of men may frequent look,)
As is the Bible, and rich wisdom gain.
The miser's principles detest and hate ;
For he will perish by a dismal fate ;
Mercy to men he'd none, shall none obtain.
Reader, may you and I such folly shun,
That when our glass of life on earth has run,
We may not have this epitaph :
"The miser dies,
And here he lies."
And each one leaves,
His lonely grave,
Without a tear,

GERA.